

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

### FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

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As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

## "PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES."

The British Government has decided to take hold of the telephone system, and has secured a Parliamentary vote of \$10,000,000 to begin the work in London. It already owns the trunk lines between the various cities of the kingdom and has been leasing them hitherto to the operating company. It has owned and operated the entire telegraphic system of the country for a generation.

In Germany almost the whole railroad mileage is public property. The cost of the broad-gauge railroads up to 1897 was \$2,823,478,889; the gross receipts in that year were \$376,399,370 and the operating expenses \$215,145,532. The surplus of \$161,253,838 gave a return of 6.15 per cent on the capital invested, the ordinary rate of interest in Germany being less than 3 per cent. The profits of the State railroads pay 40 per cent of the total expenses of the Prussian Government.

In England and Germany and most other civilized countries the question of intrusting any new function to the public authorities is treated as one to be decided purely on public grounds. If the general interests demand the change that settles it. Any corporation that may happen to be in the way simply has to stand from under.

In America we think first of the corporations. If it occurs to somebody that it might be a good thing for the people of the United States to run their own railroads or telegraphs or telephones, as the people of so many foreign countries do, he is promptly suppressed by the reminder that those enterprises have already been pre-empted by the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds, and the Bells.

The Journal believes that the American people can manage their own affairs as well as any other people in the world, and that when they feel like undertaking new duties for their own benefit there is no more reason why they should be diverted from their purpose by the presence of a corporation in their path than if they were Germans, or Englishmen or Australians. Private railroad or telephone projectors do not give up their enterprises out of consideration for the companies in possession of the field. Why should the Government?

### "PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES."

"The values created by the community should belong to the community."

### STILL AFTER SCHLEY.

Mr. Secretary of light as it swept by. Travelling in a parabolic curve it will never reach the earth again, unless diverted in its course by some obstruction. There are comets whose reappearance within our vision can be foretold with reasonable accuracy—they have virtually become part of our solar system and are obliged to obey its laws. These, as Mr. Serviss explains, are of the same origin as the parabolic comets, but having been deflected from their course by the attraction of some of our planetary neighbors, had their erratic spirits tamed, and are now revolving in ellipses around the sun.

One of this class is Halley's comet, which reappears about once in seventy-six years, and is probably the brightest of all known comets. As a rule, however, these bodies do not become associated with the solar system. They flash by us in their headlong journey through space, become visible for a span of time and go on—homeless wanderers in the universe.

There are good souls that try to think Mr. Long is excusable for the amazing methods he pursues because his only knowledge of naval affairs was gained on an East Boston ferry boat. But why should such a man be permitted to humiliate the whole country?

The spectacle of a Secretary of the Navy lending himself to an infamous attack upon a brave and able commander is sufficiently disgraceful in itself. But when we remember that the real instigators of these persistent attacks are the armor plate thieves and swindlers, there is nothing in the history of the country equally shameful except this same Administration's slimy slavery to the Beef Trust in the case of General Miles.

The comet first discovered on the third of this month has been provided by four through space, gave the inhabitants of our little earth a glimpse of a passing flash will never be seen again by human eyes. It was probably a piece of matter thrown off by a body of some distant system, and, flying through space, gave the inhabitants of our little earth a glimpse of a passing flash will never be seen again by human eyes. It was probably a piece of matter thrown off by a body of some distant system, and, flying through space, gave the inhabitants of our little earth a glimpse of a passing flash will never be seen again by human eyes.

### THE LATEST COMET.

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### THE PROGRESS OF ART IN CHICAGO.

Chicago's progress in commercial and territorial expansion has long been acknowledged, but that the lakeside metropolis has fallen short in its effort to attain that evidence of culture which distinguishes some of its older rivals is admitted even by its most zealous admirers. Still, it is advancing. It is rapidly acquiring a viceroy that will pass for the real thing. For instance, A year ago Chicago was terrorized by two highwaymen, known to the police as "the long one" and "the short one." They first clubbed or shot their victims and then robbed them. It was not safe to walk the streets after 10 o'clock at night. The brutality of these thieves was their distinguishing characteristic. The sandbag, the knife and the pistol were their only arguments. But they have changed all that. The latest novelty in Chicago has been provided by four through space, gave the inhabitants of our little earth a glimpse of a passing flash will never be seen again by human eyes. It was probably a piece of matter thrown off by a body of some distant system, and, flying through space, gave the inhabitants of our little earth a glimpse of a passing flash will never be seen again by human eyes.



THE END IS AT HAND.

### No More Whitewashing.

It is declared in knowing circles at Washington that the Court of Inquiry will have a thorny road to travel if it attempts the whitewashing game over again of the investigating Commission. The New York Journal serves notice on the Court that its inquiries must not be conducted with a view of saving reputations or whitewashing public men no matter how high in authority. The late War Investigation Commission attended to that part of the work it was set to do with remarkable thoroughness. The people now demand and will have the facts without regard to whose skirts may be besmirched.

### Davenport's Effective Cartoon.

An effective cartoon was that in the New York Journal of yesterday, which represented Uncle Sam and John Bull sorrowfully gazing upon a bulletin regarding Kipling's condition, while beneath is the legend: "One touch of sorrow makes two peoples kin."

**The people have shown what they can do when they are once thoroughly in earnest. They have terrified the politicians of both parties and saved Amsterdam avenue. Let them profit by this lesson and use their power for still more important ends. The condition of Amsterdam avenue affects a single locality—the control of franchises in general affects the whole community. The people have to waste their strength in fighting Amsterdam avenue grabs, death curves, bridge raids, neglect of fenders and brakes and all the rest of the corporate sins of commission and omission because our system of transportation is in private hands. "PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES" would end all these evils at one swoop.**

### CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

NOW THAT the abuses of the Manhattan Elevated have been aired, let the work of remedying them begin. It is too late to turn back.

POPE LEO XIII. at the age of ninety undergoing a painful and dangerous surgical operation without the aid of anesthetics and writing verses descriptive of his sensations is a remarkable example of what the human body, if controlled by a powerful will and hardened by a frugal life, can endure. The Pope at ninety has probably more vitality than the average man of seventy. It would not be rash to predict that he will live to be a hundred.

THE TOLEDO (OHIO) CORPORATIONS want \$7,000,000 worth of franchises from the next City Council. Accordingly the word was passed around by the bosses that Mayor Jones must be beaten for renomination on the Republican ticket. He was. And that is the best certificate of character that Mayor Jones could possibly get.

SHAFTER TO BE A MAJOR-GENERAL? Why not? Alger likes him—McKinley likes Alger—and there you are. Besides, his weight entitles him not only to the "major" but the "major-general" degree.

SUSPICION HAS BEEN POINTING toward the Surgeon's office for some time. Would it not be a good idea for the local authorities to call for an accounting rather than leave it to legislative action? Democrats ought to wash their own dirty linen instead of sending it to a Republican laundry.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MONNETT, of Ohio, has an opportunity of distinguishing himself that rarely comes to any man. He has resisted the temptation of a \$500,000 bribe offered by the Standard Oil Trust and has thus drawn the attention of the country upon him. If he will now let his energy in prosecuting the Trust be as unflagging as his honesty in refusing their bribe was firm he will become one of the most popular men in America. By the way, would it not be a good idea for Mr. Monnett to prosecute the Trust on the personal charge of attempted bribery of a public official? A conviction on this count would form an admirable basis for further proceedings.

THE DISPATCHES TELL US that President McKinley is going to spend his vacation with Senator Mark Hanna at Thomasville, Ga., where the redoubtable Mark has a winter residence. The country will await the outcome of their hibernation with anxiety. It is generally understood that hibernating animals are extremely hungry when the Spring thaws them out.

### Has Won Undying Laurels.

Admiral Dewey says he will not enter politics under any consideration. Why should he? What political struggle can offer laurels as fine as those he has already won?

## ALAN DALE SEES BUDS. THE KIND THAT FLOWER UNDER MR. SARGENT'S CARE.

IF I attend many more of Mr. Sargent's seances some enigmatical individual will arise and boldly declare that I have "the interests of the 'perfect' at heart." They will assert that I am endeavoring to cherish Mr. Sargent's buds and send them blossoming forth as Camille and Juliette throughout the country. This would be a horrid accusation. I hasten to defend myself. I attend Mr. Sargent's seances because he tempts me by producing interesting things. What critic can resist such an inducement as "the first time in English of 'Pathelin', the oldest extant play from the French language?" Moreover, it is good to improve one's mind occasionally with rusty, rusty antiquities. Mr. Sargent knows how to lure us to his buds. Besides, we have ebbled so much from the modern French in these days, that in simple justice we cannot very well refuse to take the root of the evil. We have enjoyed French farces as an evening's entertainment, and revelled in Sardou so frequently, that a fellow would really have to be conscienceless to refuse to look at poor old "Pathelin."

According to Le programme, which quotes Brander Matthews (a gentleman who has reduced the drama to a series of interesting diagrams and exhibits, this play was written in the fifteenth century, "possibly by the famous Francois Villon, but more probably by Pierre Blanchet." It was "saturated with Gallic salt," and it was originally responsible for the phrase "Revenons a nos moutons." Later it was worked over into a "mild three-act comedy," and still later it served as a "basis" for "The Village Lawyer," a two-act farce produced by Garrick. There's history for you! I approached "Pathelin" reverently, as though it were a mummy in the British Museum that Mr. Sargent was going to unweave for my especial benefit. We all felt dreadfully reverent and as though this revival on upper Broadway of a fifteenth century farce was really going to explain a great deal to us. There was a sort of hush in the atmosphere—like that preceding an autopsy. Good old "Pierre Pathelin" for the first time in English, translated and arranged in three acts by Henry David Gray! The mummy was unwashed in due course, and we stood around mournfully. A few long-haired gentlemen were present, prepared to write exhaustive essays if necessary.

As he talks about jungle animals, his favorite theme, he illustrates the stories with little pencil sketches in outline. Some of these animals exist only in his own wonderful imagination, for he tells wonderful stories of laughing pigs, singing giraffes, jovial elephants and riotous monkeys. Three Denver children had the pleasure of being his audience for a number of rainy days, and of digging his footsteps on pleasant ones, a number of years ago. They are the now grown-up children of H. R. Smith, of No. 1010 Josephine street, who are the first cousins of Mrs. Kipling.

Kipling and Miss Balesier married in January, 1892, and started for a trip around the world. They got as far as Japan, where Mrs. Kipling was taken sick. The bride trip was abandoned and they returned to the United States and decided to spend the summer among the sugar forests of Vermont at Ropondia. During the early part of August a family reunion was held there, and it was thus that the young Smiths became Kipling's audience and he became their hero, and together they formed a close coterie that admitted no one else within its sacred bounds. They would even sneak off from their mothers and fathers and aunts, and uncles, cousins and the new wife, and skirt around the hard, sandy margin of the lake, Kipling in the lead and the children at his heels. When rainy days came and gray showers blew over the lake they would retire to Kipling's own room, his work and thought room, where none dared intrude, and with his brierwood in his mouth and paper and pencil to illustrate there would be story after story.

## RUDYARD KIPLING AS A LOVER OF CHILDREN, AND THE SKETCH HE DREW FOR THEM.



THE PICTURE THAT KIPLING DREW FOR HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

He would tell about the speckled fish in the brooks, and all they did day in and day out, for it never rains nor snows in their domains, and the atmosphere is always bright and clear. He would tell them these stories to make them feel warm and comfortable again, despite the melancholy day, and having distracted them this way he would take them to India in thought, and tell of elephants; then to the deserts, dry and hot, that it was a comfort to listen to the trickling rain. The accompanying sketch was drawn by Kipling for the youngsters.

goods, and the shepherd defrauded Pathelin of his money. The populace applauded generously, without any modern claps or wooden-handed ushers, and there was your "Pathelin."

Perhaps five hundred years from now "Brown's in Town" will be unswathed before a curious public in some remote corner of the world. My opinion is that "Pathelin" must have been a sort of fifteenth century "Brown's in Town." It seemed rather a pity to disturb it for our idle sakes. The ceremony was not attended with any enthusiasm. The "prologue" seemed to me to be much more enjoyable than the play, but then you know I'm not one of those who enjoy a thing because it happens to be old.

Mr. Sargent's buds disported themselves reverently. Miss June Van Buskirk "at short notice" assumed the role of Ceydon in the "prologue," and the others were Marion Gardiner, Gardner Jenkins, Mabel Howard, Harry Lewis, Edgar Hart and Joseph Mayton. These new young people in this old, old play undoubtedly felt that they were assisting at some sort of sacred rite. There is something very solemn about old humor, and if you can laugh at it you feel that you are a great success. But the buds didn't make you laugh at "Pathelin." A few smiles were given to the shepherd, who said "Baa!" by the sort of people who can smile at the sallies of Touchstone and other Shakespearean comedians.

In addition to "Pathelin" there was "the first production on any stage" of a comedy by Edward Rose, Anthony Hope's accomplished "The Young Folks." Mr. Rose was alone this time—very, very much alone, and Hopeless. It was easy to see how much the author of "The Dolly Dialogues" has done for him. "The Young Folks" was as rapid as "The Last Chapter," and I don't fancy that its first production will have results. The heroine was a sweet young girl, who bore her mother's name, but not her father's. A gentleman in chocolate clothes objected to this state on her birth, and declined to allow his nephew to marry her. But in an incredibly short space of time he was won over, and not only allowed the lady's aunt, but proposed on the spot to the lady's little play to be sure—almost as silly as "Love's Crucible," which was done at a previous seance.

ALAN DALE.

## STOP KISSING—IT'S DANGEROUS.

MISS LINDLEY SUGGESTS THAT WARNING NOTICES BE POSTED

I hope to see the day when kissing is entirely unknown. I wish it could be made illegal. It is not a clean thing to do. It should be discontinued by every clean, thinking woman. MISS E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY. IN AN ANTI-KISSING LECTURE BEFORE THE HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION, SATURDAY.

and in the process of circulation distributed through our tissues. If we have tendencies to disease they are liable to be developed sooner or later through this influence. Even if we are absolutely healthy if anybody else, we are at least rendered less resistive to fatigue, colds and contagion by the absorption of other people's poison. The impure breath always shows an unwholesome condition of some part of the body. Nature endeavors to throw this off through exhalations. Civilized women seem ready to consume it through kissing. Our uncivilized nations do not follow the custom of kissing.

Mothers should guard children from such demonstrations of affection by the multitude of emotional friends who seem to consider a child is a mere toy for them to kiss and fondle at pleasure. They should be forced to understand that a child is an independent individual. God's gift to humanity, yet wholly at the mercy of adults to whom its rearing has been intrusted. Teachers of girls should also establish habits of practical friendship rather than of emotionalism.

We too mothers who fail to render a clean record to God for having respected the laws of health, morally and physically, in rearing the little individual. In some cases kissing a child's hand may do no harm; but consider that a person has a cold or a graver disease, and that atoms of sputa or of



MISS E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY.

eczema lodge on baby's hand in consequence, and that baby's hand is next thrust into his mouth. In time he succumbs to disease, and the mother feels that the hand of Providence is heavy. Providence had no hand in it other than to bring inevitable results from causes. And these causes were the lips of the emotional kissers.

The psychological influence is also exceedingly unwholesome. Kissing is supposed to be a demonstration of regard. In families and among friends whose regard has stood the test of years it may be. It always loses its sacredness when made a public display, and sincerity is lost when we kiss those we do not even admire. And we have all been shocked many times in kissing that gossip talk too often followed a tender caress.

The grasp of the hand is always sufficient and may express as much or as little in friendship as we desire it to. With such demonstration a person need never be made uncomfortable in greeting a circle. No one's feelings are hurt by neglect, and the obligating party is not hurt by feeling obliged to neglect any one.

I have always had a repulsion to promiscuous kissing. Even as a child, making a visit to a fam-

ly where this was the introductory ceremony, it appeared to me as an ordeal I must face rather than a compliment I should appreciate. This was not alone the psychological attitude, but my distaste for feeling another's breath against my face. The past sixteen years, since I have been a student of and instructor in hygiene, it has appealed to me as a most pernicious custom physically, and, to speak mildly, a very womanish rather than womanly one psychologically.

Kissing among friends and acquaintances generally I have never followed, even when custom apparently demanded it, and I always forestall it by a grasp of the hand that never lacks cordiality and is forceful enough to be interpreted as a barrier to a closer greeting.

Since women's clubs are expected to evolve into all fraternal customs, why not suggest that notices be posted in club rooms discommending the habit of promiscuous kissing, not alone for club life, but as a golden rule, a text, an influence to be carried into social life generally?

E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY.

### Literature.

When the litterateur had lavished his face with fourteen different soaps and partaken of twenty-three brands of breakfast food it was become late. "I must hasten," he cried, seizing twelve makes of fountain pens and writing feverishly with six inks. "for, after all, unless my books shall render me famous, my testimonials as to the merits of all these things will fetch me nothing!"

Nevertheless, anybody who has a real talent for grand literary under its transcendental aspects may succeed at anything, literature being no exception.—Detroit Journal.

### A Mistaken Impression.

"I suppose," said the Congressman's friend, "you will be very glad to go home and get a little rest."

"Rest?" echoed the statesman, "with the opposition party looming up as it never did before and no chance for nomination still in doubt? My friend, leaving Washington is like getting out of a warm bed at 6 o'clock in the morning to chop wood."—Washington Star.

### Kissing, Etc.

"Your name will be a kissing and a by-word," exclaimed the harassed doctor, with a terrible look. "Free of the De Tubercles trembled violently. "No," she protested, "everybody doesn't put such quantities of whiskers on his s's as do you!" For while she doted him as a man, she could not deny his dramatic art.—Detroit Journal.